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STRIKING FOR WAGES.

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

He's a blacksmith grand and free,
He strikes hard when the iron is hot.
The red sparks fly from the fierce ringing.
"You can weld iron," he never he got,
Unless he strikes while it is glowing.
Strike again!
"'Tis pound ten!"

Working well with an iron will,
He can always beat the grocer's bill,
Good luck fairer every hour surprising;
That is the way the proverb fill.
Money comes to him who is singing.
Strike again!
"'Tis pound ten!"

He strikes for wages, and he gets
Money enough to pay his debts,
And more, for he keeps his hammer swinging.
Pride and poverty spread their nets
In vain for him who is singing.
Strike again!
"'Tis pound ten!"

His anvil cheers every day
A token the shoppers over the way,
And their foes with merry laughter,
"There's labor to work, and there's time to play,
Now is the time for singing."
Strike again!
"'Tis pound ten!"

And a shower of sparks he sends,
With an open face and honest hands,
Where the world's best manner are stinging.
The honor he sells is not on sands,
It is on the rock of honesty.
Strike again!
"'Tis pound ten!"

When he grows old and bent and gray,
And long before, he can rest and play,
In golden years sweet pleasure bringing,
And hear his great-grandchildren say,
"There is the man who is singing."
Strike again!
"'Tis pound ten!"

The Plot Against Hawley;

OR, THE

PRISONER OF DESOLATION.

By LEON LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "THE BOY MARTYR," "RED KNIFE," "THE BROKEN HOME," "EDDY'S SEARCH," "THE CLUB-FOOT SCALP," "MARK SHARP," HERBERT LUCE," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

FOR GOOD OR FOR EVIL?

It was not until Will Hawley had rubbed his eyes again and again, without in any way impairing the gladdening vision which had so unexpectedly fallen upon his sight, that he could receive the evidence of his senses.

He was not mistaken. A ship was indeed entering Charleston Harbor!

And it seemed to Hawley that her coming was a direct intervention of Heaven in his favor.

The three pirates mentioned in Jude Breding's strange chronicle had lived more than a week in desolation before a ship had come to their relief. Jude himself—a confirmed madman by de Jode, which Will, now fully believed—Jude himself had been there four years. But Will had been upon the island less than twenty-four hours, and yet a ship had appeared already!

Dropping upon his knees, he gave utterances in a few brief cries and murmurs, to the wild thanksgiving that flooded up his soul. Then he bounded along the rocky shore, in the direction of the entering ship, and with all the speed of a glad and eager boy.

"A ship! a ship!" was the excited cry with which he burst into the little cabin.

"A ship!" repeated the madman, without raising from his bed, upon which he lay thrown himself. "Of what nation is she, Admiral? French, English, or American? In other words, friend or foe?"

"Will, we can only be a loss for a reply. I am not learned enough to be able to raise a quiz upon the subject."

"I don't know, sire," he then stammered.

"That's the first point for our consideration," declared the madman, with unruffled serenity. "A ship arriving at St. Helena, Admiral, is as likely to menace us with evil as to offer us good. It becomes me to be suspicious, as I have already had the honor of informing you. The British Ministry may have decided upon my removal from this island to Europe. The Bourbons may have heard of my different-ence situation, and sent a ship load of hired assassins to finish me. In any case, my dear Minister of State, we must be cautious. Art armed?"

"Only with the two hands that Nature has given me."

"Then take my sword."

"But, sire, I—"

"The sword, sword of Austerlitz! I'm always with me. The sword is a part of the Emperor—as indeed of the Empire. I tell Sir Hudson Lowe, you may remember, that he should never take my sword except from my dead body. Ho, ho! Here 'tis."

He drew from under the bed an enormous rusty cutlass which had belonged to one of the three pirates, or to some other former denizen of the island. It was rusty and cobwebbed, but Will, as he took it, quickly revived the gold, bejeweled, and several inches of its point. It may indeed have been a relic of the fierce fight between the pirates and the government cruisers, as narrated in Jude Breding's chronicle.

At sight of this ancient "tool," the prime minister of St. Helena looked aghast.

"Has your majesty no other weapon?" he demanded.

"Nothing save this?" and the madman produced, from the bed, a small pistol, also of ancient make, which had been shaped out to a point, and which was evidently a relic of the brig in which Jude Breding had come to the island.

"I'll take the knife, sire," said Hawley promptly. "The glorious sword of Austerlitz is sacred to your majesty."

And with this he secured the knife upon his person, while the madman proceeded to attach the huge cutlass to his own waist with a thong of seal skin.

"You will, of course, keep out of sight, my dear Admiral, until you have learned who this approaching ship is," he continued. "It is more than likely that they mean mischief."

The first impulse of our hero was to smile at this spirit of precaution, but his second was to take a line of conduct from it.

"After all," he said to himself, "when I recall that pirates have watered and refitted here, this poor fellow's hint about being cautious may be worth adopting. A swarm of pirates may make the island their hiding-place, for all I know, and the best navigation in hundred times as large as the city not county of New York. I'll be cautious, sire," he then said aloud, "and I'll keep out of sight. But you must even be one of the hiding-places of the famous Major Gimmer himself," I think I'll better."

His musings were interrupted by the madman, who suddenly leaped from his bed as nimbly as if it had been the gridiron of St. Lawrence, flushing with a swift excitement, and shouting:

"I have it, Admiral! We are betrayed again to the Prussians!"

"Betrayed, sire?"

"Beyond all question! That infernal madman who has been hanging around the island so long—the same rascal who assaulted you with a knife, Will—has betrayed us again to the Prussians—that villain has sold us all our secrets, and sent a report to his government, and this ship has been sent here for some infamous purpose! But I will never submit to their odious dominations again, never!" he added wildly, in the stern voice of wrath, as he brandished his old cutlass.

A thought of the mysterious assault he had suffered, added to his insanity of person, was enough to confirm Will, in his resolve to be cautious, and to keep out of sight until he was in no imminent peril. He never spoke to the delusions of the madman, who added:

"But we must see what sort of a ship is entering the harbor, and come and tell me. If they are friends, we will then settle upon a line of action. If they are enemies, only caution and cunning can save us. Yonder, on that little shelf, is a glass. Jupiter left there for me, the night he came to the island, one of his few kind-nesses—and a very good glass it is. Take it, and go and see what sort of a ship it will cause to run up its sail, attached to an improved flagstaff. JUDE BRELING."

"What's this, sire?" said Hawley, reading.

"More of that madman's nonsense?"

"Did you ever suppose, my dear, that the handwriting of this Jude Breding, as exhibited in his regular documents in my portfolio, resembles the handwriting of your majesty?"

A faint flush crept into the madman's face. Then he moved impatiently.

"Will, you are the master of the fellow's handwriting—but no matter. Go and reconnoiter," "but as he is only a humble sailor, and as I am the Emperor Napoleon, I know that the resemblance was a mere coincidence, and that he couldn't charge me with writing his wretched twaddle."

"Well, monsieur, sire," said Will, turning away, "I will now go and see what sort of a ship is coming. I may be gone some little time—an hour or two."

"Not more than that. The ship will be an hour or two in coming to anchor, and in discovering what she is. But come back as soon as you get the character of the ship, my dear friend."

Will, bowed scent and slipped from the cabin, with a full excitement and sense of safety, but cool and perfectly self-possessed.

"We are indeed having need in the first point of my tactics," he said to himself. "The idea of pirates haunts me. That other madman, too, who tried to kill me yesterday—she thought of his name—I can't recall it. The fellow may not be insane at all, but a villain, with a secret to conceal, or something of that kind. His majesty is right. I must be cautious."

He was soon at the spot from which he had discovered the ship, and here he concealed himself behind a cluster of rocks, a group of rocks, peering out at the stranger through a narrow crevice.

From what quarter had she come?

VISIT OF MISS ALICE J. DAIL TO MRS. WILLIAM HAWLEY.

She was tacking in the inner port, the wind being free, so all the boat navigation in the world could not have said whether she had come from the ocean, or from the land, or from any thing else in particular.

Her working showed clearly enough to Will that she was a ship of war, with a full complement of guns, and a large crew. There were certainly two hundred men on board

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alive to the fact that my poor husband is dead, and that—and that, in short, he counts upon resuming his former unsuccessful suit for my hand."

A comfortable pause followed, during which Mrs. Piper looked fixedly at the fair, bright face before her.

"Well, one thing is certain," she finally said, with more emphasis than usual, "the poor fellow cannot be blamed for loving you. You are scarcely twenty, as beautiful as an angel, as good as your own mother—"

Mrs. Hawley interrupted the earnest eulogy with a gesture of pain.

"Don't," she said, "Were my beauty fleeting, I could endure regret for its departure, but I should say to myself, 'If there is anything in the world that I have been aware of, but to which I owe no praise, it is how everything is changed! I do not deserve to be loved for beauty, and still less any man's love. I should shrink from being sought in marriage by any man, as certainly as I would shrink from a deadly poison. I am sacred to my husband. A cruel fate has made me a widow, but I shall never cease for a moment to be a wife."

Mrs. Piper had not yet seated herself, and as these words she advanced to Mrs. Hawley's side, pressed a reverent kiss upon her forehead.

"I understand you, dear," said Mrs. Piper. "You will never marry again."

"Oh, never!"

"I was crossing Captain Podder's love, and not recommending it," continued the landlady, "for poor fellow he rather to be pitied than blamed. Finding himself again in your presence, all his old love for you revived itself; and he would be more or less than man not to speak it. But since you say you are a widow, and free to marry whom you will, a true woman in your place would drink, as in treating again of present, but any true woman in your place might look forward to marrying again to the future, without offence to your law or sentiment, human or divine."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Piper. Any widow may marry again, and many do marry with both consent and honor. For instance, if a young girl marries without due consideration, and finds herself a widow at the end of a year, in early bereaved, it is but natural and proper she should marry again. If her first ventures in the matrimonial lottery should be a blank, and death should set her free, she cannot be blamed for contracting a second marriage. But my case is not of that kind, Mrs. Piper. In it Hawley I found the one congenial spirit that completed my being. He will be with me in the next life, and I shall not suffer from me in the end if days or even years absent from the kin of those mortal eyes. I mean, his place in my heart can never be taken by another."

If Mrs. Hawley did not fully share this view of her young friend's widowhood, she could at least comprehend and respect it.

"And it is because I feel this way," added Mrs. Hawley, "that I have come to you. I will tell me Captain Podder's love. It is really cherishing his former sentiments for me, and I deserve himself to certain disadvantages, and it may become my duty to avoid him."

"I am sure that he has the ordinary self-respect of a gentleman," said Mrs. Piper. "Should you find that he is really trifling, I hope upon the fact of your being a widow, it will be safe for you to avoid him. At the same time and place, that will take any home from him. Indeed, I am sure that he would protect that he can never hope to become one, but he will remain, I doubt not, a warm and sincere friend—as he already in fact shown himself."

"You think well of him I see."

"Certainly. Why should he not? He appears to me a very worthy young man. Why should you not have confidence enough in him? Why should you not have confidence enough in him? Why should you not have confidence enough in him?"

"I will be brave, I suppose," said Mrs. Hawley, with visible self-reproach. "Has he not been very kind to me? Was not his conduct in assisting me to that sum of two thousand dollars most generous and noble?"

She paused, in painful confusion.

And yet, I should think, Piper suggestively.

And yet I distrust him as I distrust no other person in the world," said Mrs. Hawley emphatically. "I shrink from him as from a contamination. My whole soul cries out against him whenever I meet him. I cannot rid myself of the thought that he has always presented himself to me under a mask. My heart tells me that he is not what he appears. I will even confess that I have always feared him. It was for those reasons that I rejected him, and declined to receive him as a suitor."

The countenance of Mrs. Piper betrayed the astonishment these words caused her.

"I have struggled against these feelings of enmity," continued Mrs. Hawley, "for I know, there is not the least act in Captain Podder's life, nor the least thought in his heart, which could furnish any excuse for them. I have no reason to assign for them. What if he should be pursuing me with honorable purpose? And yet until this hour Mrs. Piper, I have never lapsed a word of love to him, not even to my husband."

There was a ring at the door bell at this moment, and the couple retired from the front to the back parlor. Mrs. Piper closing the folding doors between the two apartments. They had scarcely seated themselves when a servant, Sonny, the tidy chamber-maid of the house, appeared, and said, with a courtesy, with a manner what mysterious air, and with unwonted prudence, for she closed the doors behind her, ladies and the caller.

"Miss Alice J. Dail," read Mrs. Hawley aloud. "Can you know her, Mrs. Piper?"

"I never heard the name before."

"Nor I. Are you sure that the card is for me, Jenny?"

"Yes, ma'am. But I don't know what to make of the young lady, ma'am. She is a little shy, sickly looking thing, not more than eighteen, I should think. Her face is as white as a sheet, and her eyes as large, as tea-saucers. She is some queer, ma'am," in certain. I never saw a more distressed looking object. And her voice was so strange, I'm thinking that she had to tell me three times before I could make out what she wanted to say."

"And you must have made some mistake after all."

"She says bring a message from Deacon Abraham Sanbury," our robber," suggested Mrs. Piper. "Where is she now?"

"In the hall, ma'am. She gave me such a fright that I forgot to ask her to come in, and I do believe she 's trembled with fits—"

"Show her in, then," interrupted Mrs. Hawley, with an acrimonious look upon her face. "Let us have done with it."

Remain with me, Mrs. Piper," said Mrs. Hawley, as she pressed her hand to her heart, and tried to compose her features for the reception of this strange woman, or what Jenny had said about her, given me a shock. I fear—I know not what."

The servant let the caller as freely described by Jenny was ushered into the apartment. She responded very meekly to the preceding description. She was pale, trembling and evidently ill.

Mrs. Piper arose and advanced a few steps, exchanging a little nod with the newcomer, and then she said:

"Please be seated, Miss Dail. You seem in feeble health. I am Mrs. Hawley. You desired to see me?"

Miss Dail shook like a leaf, as she sank into the proffered chair.

"You—you are Mrs. William Hawley?" she stammered, in a scarcely audible voice.

"Mrs. William Hawley."

"The—the wife of Mr. Hawley, late of the Flying Childes?"

"The same, Miss."

Miss Dail trembled still more violently, and turned her glances upon the landlady.

"This lady is Mrs. Piper, an intimate friend of mine," added Mrs. Hawley. "You can speak freely before her."

Miss Dail crossed herself.

"—I hardly know how to begin," she said. "I come at once to the point, please," said Mrs. Hawley. "What have you to say to me?"

Miss Dail drew from her pocket a copy of the New York Herald, folded to one place so as to bring into view a certain advertisement, and then hesitated, and made bad worse.

Please read those few lines," she said.

Mrs. Hawley accordingly read, aloud:

"A young lady whose only brother is about to fall into a long voyage, and who wishes to be left alone in her house, desires the companionship of a young lady of her own age, to whom she will tendered a home. A good home will be given to such society. Address Miss R. P., Box 16, Herald office."

The reading of these lines finished, both Mrs. Hawley and Mrs. Piper looked at Miss Dail, as if demanding an explanation.

"Miss R. P.," she said, "this advertisement is Miss Ruth Pember, the sister of Captain Luke Pember, who sails in the ship Ocean Bird."

As you will see by the date of the paper, this advertisement was printed a week before Captain Pember's present, fatal voyage; Mrs. Hawley, that you have such terrible reason for rejecting it."

"Well?" was all Mrs. Hawley could say, and that was uttered in a tone of terror.

"I answered this advertisement," continued Miss Dail, "as Miss Pember had requested, and was received into their house as the destined companion of the sister, and as the future living at their house in Brooklyn Heights."

"Well?" repeated Mrs. Hawley, more sharply than before.

"Too much of the intimacy with the Pembers is—for I will come at once to the point, as you desire—to excite serious remarks in connection with the Pembers is that I have made, Mrs. Hawley, a most astonishing discovery, in a word, Mrs. Hawley, that you have such terrible reason for rejecting—"

"Well?" was all Mrs. Hawley could say, and that was uttered in a cry of terror.

"I answered this advertisement," continued Miss Dail, "as Miss Pember had requested, and was received into their house as the destined companion of the sister, and as the future living at their house in Brooklyn Heights."

"Well?" was all Mrs. Hawley could say,

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THE TRUE LIVERS.

BY WILLIAM ROSE WALLACE.

We bless all things
From Nature's springs,
And each live a true Liver,
Forever and forever
Forever glad
Thanks to the Father Giver
But as we try,
By word and eye,
To make mankind
To be as we are blessed,
Guard that the joy
Take no abyss
Of pain by undue measure.

How surely all
Sink in a thrall
Who worship brute cause only,
And, blind and lonely,
Make mad
Thus even worse more piously!

The very world
With sunshine curled,
And meant for man's rich reading,
Turned day and night
To such a blight
And soul and body rotting!

Oh, how divine
To see a shrine
As He who made intended!
What love we call
That long ago
Their ripe completion rendered!
Master and mate
Are so entwined
That both are ever glowing;
Their every mind
We know and find,
That strength is ever growing.

Then bless all things
From Nature's springs;
Used right, we're not their vassals,
But true Livers ever
And still will prove
Human and God-like powers.
So will we live!
Full armed to give
Strength, love on life's great river,
While from each heart
Shall upward start
Thanks to the Father Giver.

A BONE of CONTENTION.

OR

The Waldenar Succession.

By MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

AUTHOR OF "MARRIED IN HASTE," "REPENTED AT LEISURE," "MARRIED IN SECRET," "LOVE AND DARE," "THE OLD LIVER'S SECRET," "A VALIANT LADY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.

A CONSULTATION.

A moment of the deepest silence succeeded Honor's act of placing her marriage certificate in the hands of Sir Hugh. Its contents, being Baronet stood up, and the folded paper trembled in his hands. Every one felt the suspicion of its contents had come to him, for there was a stern glitter in his eyes, and his face was like the flashing of a sword in the sunlight. Then he sat down, and with a long, rustling paper, and spoke still louder, but in a deep, strange silence, the certificate of a marriage between Honor Gilbert and Hugh Waldenar.

He read it as if it had been a certificate of burial, or of death, instead.

His face was white as death when he had finished it. The paper dropped from his hands to the floor. For once in his life, with all the keenness of study, he could not conceive the appalling emotion by which his soul was overwhelmed.

Honor stood before him, as pale, motionless, dreaming, and frightened at the visible tokens of his anguish. She trembled as with an ague. Her face was downcast, and Sir Hugh's eyes rested only upon her cheek and pale gold hair.

Both looked paroxysms and angry words, but neither could speak. The silence was a curse still, and Sir Hugh's face was as stern at last as the night is now, after sudden gloom.

Sir Hugh moved a step nearer to her, as if to take her to his heart. Then he stopped short, and his arms fell to his side.

"Honor!" he said, in a hoarse voice, which yet thrilled with a tenderness and love that even could not hide, "Honor, my wife, and whom strength! So had not himself fully comprehended it. "Honor, my wife, and you to visit you whenever he shall see fit to do so, wife!"

Honor recoiled as if she had received a blow. She looked up, her eyes burning like black stars from out the deep pallor of her face, and cried shudderingly:

"Oh, no, Sir Hugh, I can not be his wife. I left him at the very altar, and had not seen him since, until he came into the room where I was resting. I do not call myself by his name. I fear him, and I hate him!"

"And not yet are his wife!" said Sir Hugh, still in that broken voice. "You married him the day before yesterday."

"Yes, O you! I suppose the marriage is valid, but I wish I had died before entering upon all this trouble, Sir Hugh."

"Did you not love him when you married him, Honor?"

A scarlet tide flowed into the pure, proud face of the girl and ebbed again, as she faltered:

"No, I did not love him. I was grateful to him, Sir Hugh. I liked him, and he might perhaps love me very much in time; but I knew him. I did not love him, but he was very kind, and I—I thought I loved no one else, and I was all wrong—all wrong!" and she wrung her hands piteously. "But I was so young and desolate, and he offered me a home, and I was afraid to be left alone in the world, and my life long, and I am so young and Sir Hugh, I do know so little of the world. Can you wonder that I should have grown to hate the sacred alone and desolate, and that I turned to the first kindly hand that was held out to me? It was not, weak—not cowardly. I think the shock of change, danger, made me more dazed me. Oh, I must have been mad!"

"What was your position when Darrel Moor proposed to you?" asked Sir Hugh hoarsely, and then Mrs. Glint dared to be asked to speak.

She had ordered me to leave the Red House within three days," answered the girl with an uncontrollable bitterness. "She told me that I was a pauper, and a designer, dear sons—I had educated, and she said it was time I earned my own living. I was in her daughter's way at the Red House, perhaps. Mrs. Glint was the mother-in-law of the first husband of her home coming. She was jealous of me, and I suppose I was a little proud and sensitive myself to convey until then I had no thought that Darrel Moor asked me to marry him. She seemed, she insisted me, educated me to the very soul. She taunted me with my dependence. She could not say to me that I must leave her house within three days, as I have said. My home was not on fire. I went out to walk in the fields, and there it was that Darrel Moor found me, and asked me to marry him."

"Did you like him?"

"I would not say. Yes then, although he promised me that, as his wife, I should have unlimited ability to befriend the poor, and to found schools for ragged children and hospitals for the sick. I thought I could do good, and peace in such a life, and I was tempted to marry him. Yet I asked for the night in which to consider my decision. I went home. Mrs. Glint called me into the library-room. Charlotte had had a letter from Cornwall, and her self-love had been wounded by the contents. Infuriated now, both she girl forced herself to keep steadily on, determined to tell the whole truth—she told me that you were about to be married to a lady of high rank in Cornwall, and that preparations were making for your marriage. Don't interrupt me, Sir Hugh. I know now that the story is false, but I must not speak of it. I went up to my room, and I looked at the possibility of my marriage from every side. If I procured a divorce from you, I could not, could find the and take me back, and there would be trouble at the Red House and gossip in the town. I had a dozen considerations pressing upon me. I cannot remember them all now—but in the end I decided to marry Mr. Moor."

Sir Hugh uttered a groan.

"If I had only known—" he murmured.

"I was very unhappy," Honor said. She resumed Honor. "I said Mr. Moor at the house of Ivy Lane to give him my answer. He was there with a cab and a clergyman. Jessie, we drove to the chapel, and were married."

"How came you to have him at the altar?"

Honor replied by telling him of the appearance of Mr. Carrington in the vestry, of his withdrawal with Darrel Moor for inner room, and of the subsequent conversation which she had overheard. She told him how much Mr. Darrel Moor had fully revealed all she was—how, feckless and unscrupulousness of his nature.

Sir Hugh hearkened in amazement.

"I feel that you are not to blame, for a raving-ing beast of prey," added Honor. "I feel that I am not safe with him. I have no longer respect for him. I loathe him as I would a serpent. I am his wife, and I will never acknowledge the bond that binds me to him, Sir Hugh. I will not live with him as his wife, nor will he, I think, that you may know that I'm all over between you and me. I can imagine no fate that would be more blighted than that which would have been mine as your wife. But you are free, Sir Hugh, as I am say no more. This unacknowledged tie binding me to Darrel Moor is none. It is a bar forever between you and me. I am set apart from all the joys of affection henceforth and forever. I can hear no more your loving words, Sir Hugh, and you can not touch me. It was my duty to tell you the truth. And now, Sir Hugh, now that all is over, and I am no more for your happiness, and that I hope you will marry some one who will be all to you that I could have been."

She ordered him to leave her room, but he did not go. While she had been speaking to him with a fervor more blended than that which would have been mine as your wife. But now, Honor, you are free. I say no more. This unacknowledged tie binding me to Darrel Moor is none. It is a bar forever between you and me. I am set apart from all the joys of affection henceforth and forever. I can hear no more your loving words, Sir Hugh, and you can not touch me. It was my duty to tell you the truth. And now, Sir Hugh, now that all is over, and I am no more for your happiness, and that I hope you will marry some one who will be all to you that I could have been.

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ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1877.

We always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the time for which it has been sent; it is useless for you to write to us about it, as we have no list of subscribers at least one week before the time expires.

WHEN you change the address of a subscriber, notice is given us his former as well as his present address.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

Brutality Understood.

A railroad "accident" was announced a few days ago by a telegraphic dispatch in something like the following words:

"Collision between two trains. A number of passengers killed—others bruised."

This brief and comprehensive style of disposing of the matter partakes of the character of a market report, and indicates as much indifference as if it were merely the announcement of the arrival of so many sheep, or the sale of so many cattle.

And indeed, why should there be any great manifestation of feeling in merely telling a thing, when the causing of it seems to trouble nobody? For we do not hear that those who, in this instance, were mentally guilty of murdering several passengers who had confided their persons to the care of this railroad company, have been conscience smitten by the occurrence; in the least. Their brutality seems to be understood, and accepted as a matter of course, and the report of the "accident" is simply in keeping with the coldblooded conduct of the managers of the road, who caused all the terrible suffering carried out upon such an event.

This collision happened on a portion, or branch, of one of the main lines of travel leading from this city. It was the scene of the grossest carelessness. One of the trains was out of time, and, of course, out of order; and not "taking the chance" of fooling the track clear, when there was no reason for supposing that it would be cleared. While surrounding a curve, it came in collision with a train coming in the opposite direction, on which, in the now familiar term of description, as applied to such occurrences, we are informed that it "telescoped"—that means, as we understand it, that one car runs into and inside of another, as the smaller part of a telescope slides into the larger.

We do not state it with any desire in demanding that they **two** conductors of these trains, or either of them, be arrested for manslaughter. However just that would be, it would do comparatively little good. But there is another and more importance in, that the wealthy owners and managers of this road, who can transact such a system which admits of the possibility of two trains coming on a single track, should be made to pay the penalty of their reckless disregard for the safety of human lives.

A poor man who resents an insult, or assault, and gets into a brawl in which he takes the life of a single individual, is immediately thrown into prison, and ultimately conducted to the gallows; but railroad managers may conduct their business on a system which naturally, and, in the course of time, inevitably leads to "accidents" which—should we refer to, why, they may swell as items at our watering places, or go off to Europe for luxurious and the pleasures of foreign lands! Nobody interferes with their business, and not a whisper of censure is breathed against them!

It should like to see them at least branded with the appropriate title of "Railway Murderers."

American Trotting Horses—"News from over the Sea."

A writer in a recent number of "Belgravia"—a leading London magazine—in speaking of "Uncle Sam's Diversions," makes use of this style:

"The best trotting match I ever saw was that of Dexter, the great American crack, along with another celebrated mare called Lady Thorne, against time, for a purse of a thousand dollars; I believe Dexter performed the feat of trotting a mile inside two minutes, who would have thought it possible to encourage him on."

Dexter was never "ridden under saddle" in any of his contests with Lady Thorn, and the mare never ran beside him to encourage him on. She, like Dexter, was a fine, large and square trotter. But, not satisfied with blundering in this way, the writer in "Belgravia" adds:

"Dexter has since been presented by his proprietor, Robert Bonner, of the *New York Ledger*, to General Grant, although I believe the latter refused dollars for him on the ground after his contest with Lady Thorne."

Dexter has not been presented to General GRANT. He is still owned by Mr. BONNER, and instead of "refusing six thousand dollars for him" Mr. B. has refused to sell the horse for him. He paid thirty-three thousand dollars for him. If our English cousins are not in the habit of reading American papers, they would not need to be informed that six thousand dollars" would not buy a good second-class trotting horse in this country.

Not Living Half Their Days.

"Did you run against me to-day on purpose?"

"If you choose to look upon the affair in that light, you may so do, sir."

"Very well; then take *that*!" and the speaker sent a pistol ball crashing through the other's skull.

That bloody drama in one act was performed in San Antonio. The actors there were both desperadoes, who chanced to come in collision accidentally in the street. One of them thought the other ran against him on purpose, and hence the dialogue and the murder.

The survivor, according to the local account of the affair, coolly walked away, blowing his pistol in his hand, as though to be in readiness to exchange the compliments of the season with any corner whatever. But no one molested him; and reaching his horse, which was tied to a post, he unhitched the animal, mounted, and rode off into the country.

The body of the dead man was picked up, and buried by the authorities. No one cared for him or for his fate. He died as the fool dieth, and his murderer will probably come to a like fate. "Bloody and deceitful men shall not live out half their days."

OUR CLAIMS UPON ENGLAND.

BY J. HALL, D. D., NEW YORK.

The business of the *dishonest*, let us thankfully believe, is as good as ended. Launched to deceit, the instrument of accursed greed, he has lost the trust and sign of reality for a decade. Let he be buried out of sight and mind, or only thought of as Greeks or Trojans should have thought of the ship that carried Helen and destruction to Troy.

The little, independent Geneva must have thought and life of intellect to civilization in Europe. Out of them let forth lines beside its blue lake such tempered wisdom and approved moderation as shall sway national consciences in future. Let her leave none free from the shares and pruning-hooks than heretofore! And now let us think of some of the demands we are to make on England in the peaceful future, and the plans by which we are to back our claims.

We demand from her the respect due to an equal. We are, it is true, younger than Great Britain, but we are not her colony. We discovered Columbus, not could the *Mayflower* have been advantageously chartered earlier. Children are to be respected for having younger than their parents. But we are now grown to manhood, with all the elements of national life, with at least as much right to decision as Belgium, Italy, or Spain, to be dealt with as a nation—the child of Great Britain. Let us be—let us be treated as—Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath."

And to sustain this claim, let us show manful and manly spirit. Let us not be "huffy" fight with our sisters; or shriek at the first approach of a mouse. Let us never appeal to neglect; or to dislike of all such bullies. Let proclaim how many we can "lick." Let us not be spoiled our mother, or say that our little girls is an infant school! "Sally Jones' two are the boldest, most hoydenish girls in school." Let us not be like the tricky Greeks who were always sharper than we, who has always the biggest bag of marbles, and the best at the play-ground. Let us not be like the stage of "wooden nutmegs;" and in acting the part of national manhood, not assume the part of national sentimentality, which commands the respect of England and the world.

We claim from her sympathy and affection. We are England's child by blood, by law, by land. New England has her tongue with its provincialisms and errors and graces, but is freshened, only bigger and better, many of its characteristics. Old England, Merry England, and her taste for governing everybody. America has her taste for governing herself. Her native blood is mixed with the blood of "all the old block." Had those people been of a black and white race, they would have lived and died out. But the lessons she taught them their every-day life, and finally in the insurrection. Now America has won her spurs—indeed a very few inches from the heels—in a ruling over it with English ways adapted to new circumstances. Why accumulate, we say to us—with that love that has in it some admixture of respect—Why accumulate, we say to you?

Still in order to make good this claim, let us cultivate this love. Let us not be afraid to be earnest may be passionate, or wrong; but a love that is earnest, passionate, and right cannot over the parent's shame, and gains forgiveness. Let us not be afraid of the uttering of England's faults. Let us not laugh at the British "snob" and "cad" because they are funny; but let us rather change some of them with our tongues, that they may cease to be—let make them ashamed. Let us not be afraid to let her attorneys know, by our conduct, that we have some love for—wish to see—England.

Let us not be afraid to let her know that why many foreign sinning birds might not be hatched on our soil. Let us not be afraid to sing gentleman of taste, wealth and leisure, in his own country, to make his residence here. Our would not have lived in vain who should, like CHARLES DICKENS, visit the Rocky Mountains and Virginia. We have thousands of Englishmen who love England in New York. Why not bring out the seats, the rolling prairies, the forests, the mountains, the rivers, and the home-made affection of Washington to English ears, but strange to ours. We have pretty much all the fruits and many foreign lands can supply, their varieties of vermin, both on land down in the sea, and we also secure their singing birds?

Let such an exhibition be offered, say by MR. BONNER, of a thousand dollars, to any one of the Englishmen of taste who has visited us any good singing foreign bird! There is this sum to be offered, and that they are to be obliged to learn English, like other emigrants, and to sing it in the streets of London, and to which we will pay.

We are paying enormous prices for foreign singers. There is all Europe to be drawn on, here other foreign singers who will perform in English, and at such poor, without money and without price?

A Great Newspaper Achievement.

We have just completed a great literary enterprise. A paper that has, like the *Ledger*, published original contributions from the pens of Statesmen, Orators, Generals in the Cabinet, and Senators in Congress, and Governors, Judges, Clergymen, Authors, CHARLES DICKENS, WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT, and a host of writers of world-wide reputation, and innumerable articles from the pens of the principal Bishops, Doctors of Divinity, and Clergymen of all the leading denominations, will naturally feel that it is a great achievement, in the way of a newspaper enterprise, which the world has never seen before, to secure the services of the whole of the literary talent, and the liberality in the outlay, and the vigor, and energy in the management, which alone was carried to completion, were all worthy of an unworthy American journal, and received a heartiest recognition from the entire newspaper world.

The Prevalence of Crime.

How many thousands of the sons of the honest heart sometimes develops itself in unexpected directions. The weakest of all ways to benefit society is to shut up all things, and destroy all things that we have. Why is it the fashion of some people to scoff at this saying, and to claim that the human heart is not worth the trouble of saving? It is a foolish fashion, but one quite in accordance with the most obscure entrance. He scolders and the most obscure entrance. He scolders and the most obscure entrance. He scolders and

"PONDER WELL THE PATH OF THY FEET."

BY LUCIE A. CUDAM.

Ponder well the path of your feet, my boy,
The road you choose now is for life;
The journey is long, and decide sometimes may not stay;
Dark shadows where only bright sunshine should shine;
And with dangers your pathway is rife.

Turn not to the right or the left, my boy;
You may suffer the thorns with the flowers.
The way to success lies far, far ahead;
Then ponder well the path of your feet, I pleaded;
Remember well the fast-flying hours!

Let the zeal which you strive for be Right, my boy;
Then with brave, Spartan courage, press on!
Temptation in many bright forms will assail,
But be strong in the Right, for right must prevail;
And your position at last shall be won.

Let the prize you seek after be Truth, my boy,
Then your name shall be known and revered;
Though the time and untimely may flourish a while,
Be in Truth's cleaner light they must soon shine aside,
With godlike deep stain on each name.

Heed a father's parting advice, my boy—
"Ponder well the path of thy feet,"
Through the labyrinths of youth lands Virtue
Thou'lt find;
Though fortune you forfeit, whatever betide,
And Life's record will thus be complete.

THE BLACK DOCTOR;

OR, THE Prophecy of the Voodoo King.

AN HISTORICAL TALE OF THE SPANISH RULE IN LOUISIANA.

By WILLIAM HENRY PECK,
Professor of History in the University of the State of Louisiana.

CHAPTER XV.

OLD JEAN AND THE CHEST.

But while the Senor was still examining the ring, and before he again spoke, a tall, lean man, of very spare frame, and thin, harsh face, entered, and the sharp, long, thin moustaches, a peaked beard, and keen gray eyes, deep set in their sockets, had a prominent cheek-bone, sunken cheeks, and a northern expression showed that wide mouth and thin lips, gave to the face of this newcomer a marked individuality of character.

A face like this makes an impression, when once seen, that never fades from a memory of all sensitive.

"Bah!" thought Ferez, as his eyes fell upon the face of the new-comer. "The man that sacked so many peasants of me, twelve years ago, when I was in the cell!—the Russian who came with the wagons from Santa-cola! The man who tried to make me tell him all I knew about Beaubois' treasure!"

Immediately after this same cause in the Senor's mind, he saw the Russian's face turn in one hand, and three oranges in the other.

Baptista rushed to meet the stranger and other man ere the latter had taken his third step into the room, placed the fruits on a side-table, pelled out something rapidly, and ran away as hastily as he had come on.

The next instant his cry of "fresh fruit to sell" was heard in the street.

That which he had pelled as he placed the fruits on the counter was a few words, spoken understood perfectly by Gonzara and Ferez, but not by the Senor, nor by any one who had just entered.

That which Baptista said in thieves' slang was, translated, this:

"This stranger is the servant of the Senor. He is also the man who, with the Senor, examined the records of the captain's trial, twelve years ago."

The Senor looked up from the ring he was examining on hearing the voice of the Russian, and the next instant he saw the knife-thrower.

"Ha! I see I startled the Senor from his reverie," said the latter, "and stepping forward rapidly, he gave the ring to the owner.

The latter, to be known as Ivan for the present, gazed at the ring for a moment—Ferez was evidently much surprised, and exclaimed, in Russian:

"The gift of the Czar?"

"The ring of the Crown of Saint Andrew?" said the Senor, still excited.

"Yes-sir!" cried Ivan promptly. "This man may understand Russian."

"Yes, I understand it well," said the person to Gonzara, and said, in Russian:

"If you speak or understand Russian, we can now be our confidants, and relate to the full value of this ring—my one hundred thousand rouble."

The pawnbroker shook his head, bowed, looked from one to the other of the two speakers, and expostulating way in which a man expresses his inability to understand a foreign tongue.

He did not comprehend a single word of what the noble Senor said, but he replied, in English:

"It is plain that he does not" translated Ivan, in Rose, "but let us be careful to say nothing which might give us to our disfavor. Let us speak as if he were a Russian, and a friend of the Living Cross of St. Andrew."

"Diablos! What does he mean by the Living Cross of St. Andrew?" thought Ferez.

"I tell you, Ivan," said the Senor, in Russian, and in Rose, "that I was coming here to see the Senor Gonzara, when I met a man to be trusted. There is danger in the streets, even on almost entrance. Amid the latter the sharpers slipped up behind me, which was a surprise to him. I have no doubt that he does not know my the ring got into his chest."

"Let your Highness—"

"Take care, Ivan."

"Oh, I am speaking in the dialect of the Comanche now. There are many Russians who do not understand that, Senor Superior. I will be more careful," said Ivan. "He must tell us all he knows about the chest."

"Noble Senor," said the pawnbroker, who had caught the word chest, and were saying, "allow you some moments, I make a most minute search of that old fawn-skin vest, which, used to belong to Captain Sancho Perez."

"The vest in which I found the Lord's Prayer?"

"The same, noble Senor. In the buckle strap, neatly sewed up," continued the inventive pawnbroker, "I found—"

"What?"

"Two twelve thousand reals—"

"See! I brought you good luck, shopman," said the Senor, in Rose, in good, noble Senor. You mentioned a number yesterday—I have forgotten what that number was—"

"Let me see the note, shopman."

"Here it is, noble Senor" said Gonzara, taking the note from his pocket.

"It!" said Don Sebastian, who glanced at it, and then gave it to Ivan.

"No, 13,731!" exclaimed the latter. "That rascal Pierre lied. He received a note from the Living Cross of Saint Andrew."

"Pierre!" said Ferez, who had received it in Mexico from the Marquis de Mendoza, who was under the dictation of Isadora Reynaldo, who may have been the person they call The Living Cross of Saint Andrew."

"The note is good, is it not, noble Senor?" asked the pawnbroker.

"Perfectly, shopman."

"The noble Senor will give me the amount in gold?"

We do not need its possession, Ivan—now," remarked Don Sebastian to Ivan, in Rose.

"Not now, Don Sebastian, as we have the Lord's Prayer. But it may be well to have this man tell us all he knows of the history of this old chest."

IVAN AND JUAN OLIO ENTERING THE PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

The note is good, shopman, but I do not care to give you gold for it. Yesterday I was willing to give twice its value to simply see it. That is my affair. It will not be safe or dangerous for you to use the note. But let me see something about this old iron cage—it will pay liberally for the time you may lose in telling its history. But no false, cunning inventions—no tales of pet fawns of Christopher Columbus."

"Oh, I was a beggar, and in a mad-house—" "Very well. Begin."

Noble Senor, to begin, this chest used to belong to Captain Sancho Perez, who sailed—"

"I know that. But where did he get the chest?"

He told me—and I have no doubt he spoke truly, noble Senor—that he purchased the chest from another cargo—"

"Cono, this is to lead us into a dark wilderness!"

"Oh, but the name of the last negro was Jean Olio, noble Senor—and from negro—Sebeuman."

"What name?" demanded Ivan hastily.

"Juan Olio, Senor."

"Ha! By the mist of the Czarina! Wait a moment," exclaimed Ivan, darting out of the shop.

Gonzara was about to say more; but Don Sebastian said haughtily:

"Silence! My servant will return a moment. He is not one to speak at random. Wait."

Ivan darted out into the street as if in expectant search of some one. But for away was an old negro, seated on the bottom of an overturned basket, smoking an orange. He was alone, and seemed quite contented. He had in his pocket an unusual amount of treasure for him; three silver coins, which he had received from Ivan a few minutes before, for guiding the latter to the pawnbroker's shop.

Ivan had said to him, as he paid him the money:

"Here is your pay, old nut-cracker of the devil!

A very irreverent phrase, but Ivan had been associated with a believed his old black guide by the deliberation with which the old fellow would frequently halt to crack with stones

gross Mexitis in my power. I war kill two birds with one stone! Cramshe! three birds with one stone; first, I may find Isadora Reynaldo—the sullen, mysterious one in the person! second, I may unravel the plot of this Senor and Ferez; third, I may find my Angelique. Give me revenge and the knowledge that my Angelique is happy, and, Sancho Perez, I will have a pleasure left for Sancho Perez!"

CHAPTER XVI.

THE OATH OF JUAN.

"To the last remark of Don Sebastian, Ivan replied:

"The slave woman may be dead; Madame Varteville may be dead; the Living Cross of Saint Andrew may be dead; all foe whom we have sought for years may be dead."

"Very true, Ivan; and it is no true that Juan Olio is dead. Juan Olio, the slave of Don Sebastian, with stern severity in his voice, "is not dead. Juan Olio has yet a mission to perform for the woman we love. The Carriba demands full proof of the death—"

"Take your demands, Ivan—temporarily. "Let's retire a little."

They replied the Senor as he and Ivan retired to the rear of the shop. "We will say no more of the death of Juan, until the explan of which I told you yesterday. It flashed, I may, into full conception in my brain yesterday morning in this shop."

"To Voodoo-ism?"

"Yes."

"But can you play the part, Senor?"

"Well, Ivan, I have been for nearly a years captive among the negroes of the Gold Coast, and have acquired a little power. We may make the acquaintance of some Voodoo doctor—Voodoo-ism—"

"Better defer all until we shall be assured that Madame Varteville—who may or may not be mystery of the Lord's Prayer, evidently written by some one in her house—and Isadora Perez sold the slave woman—still lives, or that the latter knows anything about the matter. The latter may know something."

"Yes, Ivan, and if the latter has prepared and filled the mystic bottle, and the two still are there, they must still be vigilant. If we find that they are dead, Isadora Reynaldo may make here will not do harm, nor be a loss. But if they live, we have intended plan at here." The Senor here made a gesture to Ivan, which the latter understood, for neither yet nor I are familiar with New Orleans and its vicinity. To remedy that, we must purchase, if possible, a negro who has lived there. Ivan, you must find such a negro."

"I will, gazulons, and doubtless be my master. In fact, he has told us that he will."

"Ivan, you must ascertain if Sancho Perez is him faithful to Legen Soares, the man he calls Juan, and to the young woman, Angelique. The same may make him valuable to us. He knows you may remember that Soares used to live in New Orleans many years ago."

"Senor," thought Ferez, who heard quite distinctly every word of this conversation, "you are very reasonable, but you are not the part of Voodoo doctors—to take old Juan Olio with you."

"Senor, I will talk all this over at once to Don Juan Ivan. The schooner I purchased I intend to be made ready for the voyage few days."

"And in the mean time we may discover more of the movements made in Cuba twelve years ago, by Sancho Perez," said Ivan, in three. See that all those things be replaced in the chest, and that the chest be taken care of. This box I will keep."

"Yes, Senor," the Senor spoke contained those words which Gonzara had said Syphaxa called the night before.

The two then left the rear of the shop, and returned to the front, where old Juan was sitting between his master and Gonzara, with no stony of the wonderful powers of the young Voodoo king Syphaxa.

"Juan," said Don Sebastian, "are you willing to go to New Orleans, or not?"

"No, Massa. That is, to touch 'em wid de dangerous sea-water. I war nigh skeered to death when I foun' old Juan Olio jes a standin' up on de ship, wid de things on de water, massa."

"Then replace them, with reverence, in the chest, Juan. I will wait until it is done."

Juan, after many absurd gesticulations and words, did as he was ordered.

"Lock the chest, Juan, and give me the key."

"Yeth, Massa Senor," said Juan, as he obeyed. "But dan I be sorry for do one, man, woman, or chile, dat unlocked dis 'chested chest'."

"That may be, Juan," replied Don Sebastian, "but it was not I, nor you, nor any one here. Now I am going to give the chest to your care for a time. You must come with me to my hotel. I shall want you to clean, cleanse, and polish my clothes, my rifles and the pistols with reverence old man."

"Oh, yeth, Massa. Wid reberence oh course, be de rest of de old colored brudder. Juan will be haunted by de spirit oh de great Syphaxa! Why, noble Massa," said Juan enthusiastically, "I also reberence dem things in dat dar chest! If I war to take an eye on dat chest, and dem things in dat 'chest, I would no more think o' breaking dat old darkdan I would ob breaking my neck! No sah!"

We will remember that, Ivan," said Don Sebastian to Rose.

"Rassles! So will I," thought Ferez, in his cell.

"Juan," continued Sebastian old Juan, "any colored pusson dat either knew de great Syphaxa, would no more tech dat 'hoogin' time any old her or him, or bin or her, or dem, or dem, or dem, must sweat to, by and oder dem relies in dar, dan live or her, or dem, or dem would link ob stickin' dare own trunk, nah?"

"Very well, Juan. Now come with me—but no! Remain here with the chest," commanded Don Sebastian. "I will send you some one to watch with you. Then do you come with the chest to where I will be taken. You understand, have no objection?"

"None in the world, noble Senor," replied the pawnbroker; and the Senor with Ivan left the shop, after telling old Juan that the chest should be sent for within an hour or two.

Old Juan, much inflated with the importance of his trust, and delighted with immunity from labor which he had received, seated on the floor near the chest, and began a long chat with some of his negro friends who visited the pawnbroker graced after the Senor and Ivan had departed from the shop.

They just formed the corner," said Gonzara suddenly. "They are not in sight."

"Close the door—lock and bar," commanded Ferez, from his prison of concealment. "Diablos!"

"Who dar! Hi! Who dar?" yelled old Juan, scrambling to his feet, and quickly retreated. "Who dat say—diablos?"

"Silence!" replied the pawnbroker, as he closed the street door and locked it.

"Who dat say dat?" repeated Juan, but one window and closed the window of the window were left open by Gonzara, it was impossible for any one in the street to see anything that might transpire within the shop, and but a subdued light now pervaded the latter.

As Gonzara closed the street door, Perez entered from the rear room.

"Diablos!" said he in his way of twelve years before. "Diablos!" he repeated, advancing toward old Juan. "Who is that in the chest?" he pelled the word as Syphaxa had done when you brought it into the cell, blind! I am Captain Sancho Perez, Senor, on fire!

Old Juan would already have filled the shop with such yells of terror as might have aroused the dead, had not Perez by this been his ax be saw the muzzle of a pistol close to his head; but on seeing the weapon, he fell to the floor in a heap, and chattered for mercy.

The face of Perez was hidden by his black bandage he continued to wear, nor could old Juan see the scar which ran from his left ear to his mouth, for the wounds on either side of his mouth had never forgotten the voice and exclamation of the ex-slave of Perez, he would have recognized them, even had not their possessor worn a mask. But Juan knew not Sancho Perez.

"Spar die life ob de poor old nigger, Massa Captain!" pleaded Juan, crawling on the floor, and trying to keep the chest between his head and the muzzle of the pistol. Juan no worth de powder an' lead it take to kill him. Spar de life ob de poor nigger!"

"I will spare your life, old man," replied Perez, with terrible sternness.

"Yes, Massa Captain, I knows you is—because no' do anything ag' sheriffs."

"You can swear to me, Juan."

"Ole Juan swear to anyting ag' sheriffs, Massa Captain."

"Cross your hands upon the chest, Juan. Now swear to me as you would to the Voodoo chest of Syphaxa, by all that is in it, that you will do what I tell you to do, and to tell no one that I am here."

"Ole de good Lor' hab mercy! dat a dreadful oath, Massa Captain!" groaned Juan.

"Is it worse than to be shot through the head with a pistol?" said Perez, pressing the muzzle of his pistol against old Juan's head.

"I will swear as you 'mand me, Massa Captain!" groaned Juan, terrified old man. "Spar de poor old nigger, Massa Captain, an' he be de best slave you ever hab in de life."

"Oh your knees, then. So. Cross your hands upon the chest. Now swear to me, by the Voodoo chest of Syphaxa, by all that is in it, by the Voodoo king that is dead, by the Voodoo king that is living, by the Voodoo queen that is living, by the Voodoo king that is to be born, by all that is in the chest, and by all that is not in the chest, that you will do what I tell you to do, and to tell no one that I am here."

"All dat I swear, Massa Captain."

"If ever one clear save puts you or forces you to tell that you have seen Captain Sancho Perez," swear now, by the ghost of the Voodoo king that is dead, by the ghost of that you may take, to make you less the day of your death, by all that is in the chest, by all that is not in the chest, to take the life of only as his dog."

"I swear, by de all dat, Massa Captain, by de gostes of de great Syphaxa. Oh, de Lor'! Oh, de Lor'! Oh, de Lor'!" groaned the old man, recalling from the chest, and crossing his hands over on the floor.

Then was good cause for this sudden interest in the Voodoo chest.

He had scarcely uttered the words, "by the Voodoo chest of Syphaxa," when there was a noise like the smothered report of a pistol, followed by a sound like the bursting of a bladder, and then filled the interior of the chest.

"Oh, de Lor'! Oh, de Lor'!" cried Juan, as he fell upon his face on the floor

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amazed and bewildered pawnbroker stared. "You are to reply that Senor Roy Gomara knows where to find the greatest Voodoo there for and priest in Cuba."

"Holy Isaac!" thought the wondering pawnbroker.

"You are to say that Senor Roy Gomara is the owner, the master of this wonderful gifted Voodoo priest," continued Perez.

By all the eleven thousand virgins! thought the amazed pawnbroker, glaring at his visitor.

"You are to tell the bearer of the letter, 'that the name of this Voodoo priest is Isadora Raymundo. Repeat the name."

"Isadora Raymundo. I often heard the name when the great brigands were alive," said Juan. "But name war on he case—de great Voodoo case."

"Remember it. It is the name of the Voodoo priest you are to speak to. Call the name Raymundo. You are to tell the Senor that Raymundo is a mulatto, and that he has five fingers."

"But he hab no nose!" repeated old Juan, rolling up the whites of his eyes in wonder.

"Oh! I see!" thought the pawnbroker. "What a boil—what a dangerous plot!"

"You will be sure to tell the Senor," continued Perez, "that Raymundo has no nose; that you have not seen him for several years, that he used to live in New Orleans; that he was terribly burned by accident after he left New Orleans—so badly that he lost his nose, and was dreadfully scarred in the face—so much so that you do not think any one else could recognize him; that he has not been in New Orleans since the accident; that he can speak two languages well—English and Spanish—and a little French, but no other; that he is perfectly acquainted with New Orleans and all its vicinity. Can you remember all this, Juan?"

"Of course, Massa Carpen. Juan Ollo sabby he head."

"Very well. Be sharper than you ever were before, Juan, for your life and mine depends upon how you behave to me. When you leave the Senor, come at once to this place, and Senor gave you gold. I pay to gold then," and as Perez spoke, he gave the old man an order.

The unexpected possession of so broad and heavy a coin of gold filled the heart of old Juan with delight.

"Juan sabby. Juan hab be gleefully—'nuff gold to go to Congo. Juan hab be rich—be as rich as my old-dog. Oh, yeth, fac de dog ob Captain Sambo Perez!" And then, as he spoke with sudden deceit, "May be dat wosser dan he is not—richer he is dan Juan."

Be faithful to me, and I will pay you well, Juan," Perez service may call you to-morrow. Be false to me, and diabloo! I will put you in the hole, and you shall never more see the light of day. You no more to say at present."

Having thus spoken, Perez opened the house door.

"I am a mere puppet in his hands," muttered the cowardly pawnbroker, as he closed upon his street door, "and yet—some day, some day."

He had scarcely turned again into his shop when a man came in saying:

"I come for a clock. My cart is outside. Here is the order."

"It is all right, my man," replied Gomara, after glancing at the paper he received from the old. "There is the clock. Be so to go with it, Juan."

"Yeth," thought Juan, as he followed the man who took away the Voodoo chest. "It peers like de same thing I put to go in de old dat chest. Somehow old Juan got tangled in a mazd wid dat chest. Juan hab be glad to get to New Orleans ar'de Juan got to go wid dat chest. Juan hab be glad to get to Congo, eh de man dat first owned de chest. Who know? If sure ob dat, reckon Juan willin' to go to New Orleans. Like to follow dat chest to de end. What hair de coppen got in he trout now? De dickee bird! Juan hab, eh, course. Wonder de dickee! subdge done catch de pappen long ofe."

Leaving old Juan to follow "dat chest," we will return for a little while to the pawnbroker's.

Customers came in immediately after the departure of Juan. Some came to buy second article Gomara had for sale, and many came to ask or pawn articles as soiled and paltry.

As we have said, Roy Gomara carried the business on as a shield to more lawless enterprises. As he was feared by many for the part of an avaricious and miserly pawnbroker, to which character he had given the first years of which he was the second successor, and from the many nefarious practices in which he had accumulated that wealth.

He was believed to be a miser, but few even suspected a tenth of his wealth. He was a few of those who were ever engaged in nefarious affairs suspected that one of their lawless pursuits would be enrich the wary pawnbroker. He was indeed known as a man ruled entirely by the laws, only to a few of the chiefs of the lawless.

With petty thieves and robbers he never had anything directly to do in the way of receiving, buying, or concealing stolen goods, except on rare occasions, and then only in the character of an innocent and unsuspecting purchaser, or friend. He dealt as a criminal only with the great leaders of crime, and he never betrayed, and he never was betrayed. Petty offenders against the law would have betrayed him to the authorities, for the sake of the reward offered, and he was of too much need to informers of crime.

whose secret crimes, if revealed, would have placed them in the hands of the executioner, knew that the pawnbroker was a violator of the laws. Chiefs of thieves, whose lives were in the power of Roy Gomara, purchased the plunder of inferior thieves and sold it to him, or so he dictated.

By such daring offenders as Sancho Perez, and Gerolamo as Spaniards, the pretended fortune-teller was employed in the commands of Roy Gomara.

To the same he was known only as a miserly pawnbroker and old soldier of fortune. He lived and thrived for years in Cuba, and not once been suspected by the authorities.

Keeping up his supposed harmless and insignificant character as much as possible, he attended to his shabby customers, after the departure of Juan, with the same air of unconcern as if he had not just made a purchase or sale of some second-hand article were the main business of his life.

This daily pretended battling for mere nothings had given to the man, as that it had become a habit, or rather, a second nature; and though in some of his dealings he realized sums and tens of thousands of reals were involved, he could not be moved by them, or be caused to be engaged in dictating a specific child of perverse, fiendish cunning, as he also was by the most trivial matters, involving the government of large sums of revenue.

He had a subject in life, and he clung to be one enormously rich. He intended, and had intended for years, to accumulate the amount of ten millions of reals—that is, a quarter of a million pounds sterling—or one million of dollars. This attained, he intended to transfer it to wealth and himself to Europe, there to build a new name, to live a life of ease and splendor.

He had accumulated by means and by means of the deared ten, when the unexpected return of Doctrine Perez placed him in the control of one million, and threatened to involve him in new dangers.

So long as the outlaw remained in his dwelling, the danger of Gomara's arrest, and that of the convict, was most imminent.

Perez was a man of desperate fate, and dared not attempt to put him out of the way by violence. Perez, very as he was daring, had told him that certain of his old comrades knew where he was, and that if he were to fall by secret violence, or by treachery, those comrades would bury their daggers in the heart of Roy Gomara, and turn him into the power of the government.

Therefore the pawnbroker dared not attempt either violence or treachery toward his unwelcome guest. He was in the position of a man who is carrying a flaring, sparkling fire-work, which may explode at any time, one of which is full of combustibles fore and the sides of which are strong, but not strong enough to withstand the terrific force, will certainly fall into one of the fatal pits. If he keeps the torch aflame, and the sparks from it at any instant surround him with fire, and consume him to ashes, or slave him to atoms. And if he does not soon escape from this cavern he will always be.

So he was the position of our pawnbroker, as he stood in his shop.

He must get rid of Perez by way out with the lighted torch—that is, he must go on with Sancho Perez—and he would go to Cuba.

"That achieved," thought Gomara, even as he waited upon his customers on that day, "I will turn all I have into bills on the Bank of England, and put the ocean between me and Cuba, and the world between me and Isadora Raymundo idol, for ever."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HERBERT'S RECOMPENSE

BY FRANCES HENSHAW BADEN.

"Good Heavens! What is that you have done, Herbert?" cried Mrs. Ashley, starting, as her only son, a young man of twenty-five, came into his mother's room, hastily closing by the hand a little girl of about seven years.

"Why, mother, your own eyes can answer that question. Why do you look so startled—so wildly at me, child? Poor little thing! has been comforting, not questioning," answered Herbert, in a perfectly accustomed way, leading and gathering the little wee thing up in his arms, saying, "There, there, my little darling baby; no one will hurt you. You are my child now, and I'll take care of you."

This in a firm, decided tone.

The little one was still gazing, frightened more, amazed than ever by her son's words and manner.

Just then Mrs. Ashley recovered from the tension of beauty, grace, and possessor dragery. She started back, but in a low, hoarse cried out:

"Herbert! What is that? An infant white! Where did you pick her up, Herbert? In the streets, stripped by some fiend? Or, in the name of heaven, how came you by such a child?"

"Child, mother? Has Avon been here?"

"Avon! Has Avon been here? Herbert, are you so low a boy to play with the unfathoming of your own mother?"

Georgia disliked her. In truth, she did not know that her own son was great, only because she was standing in the presence of one who was frequently the cause of discord between Herbert and his betrothed; at times the latter declaring that Avon should be sent away, that Herbert would be true to his determination, his affection for the little friendless orphan, and Georgia, feeling that the noblest impulse of his nature.

Time passed on until five years had gone by, and still the marriage was postponed from time to time, Georgia being better contented to have it so, certain of her lover's constancy, and he leaving the arrangements and the time to his mother. Several times he had rather urged their union, but when Georgia pleaded for longer delay, he comforted himself with his books and little Avon's singing. Wonderfully the child could sing; and the master that Herbert had procured for her, perceiving the wonderful gift, had taught her well, and she was the delight of his musical soul.

As Avon advanced in years, Herbert grew daily more devoted to her and besides, Georgia's dislike grew greater, until it came to an issue—that Herbert should give up one or the other, Avon, must be sent away, or Georgia would be willingly break her engagement.

Now we can well think that Herbert was a man of honor, and devoted lover, or he would not have waited so patiently all these years. Georgia was not worthy of such love, and therefore Herbert's remonstrances were of no time. But only her selfishness to whom he had given his heart, and his whole soul, could have called Avon, a war, he declared that under no circumstances would he give her up—that no one in the world loved him as truly as did that child, and he would be true to his self-imposed charge.

Somehow this stormy interview was either broken, or came to Avon's knowledge, and she left with a cautious manner, and told him that Herbert's mother desired to see her.

Georgia was still pacing the floor in a state of high excitement, and noticing her son's entrance, she said him with a cautious manner, and told him Avon acted as if she had been scared into unconsciousness from its own trouble. Herbert had the good woman watch their charge closely, and then, calling his mother to the parlor, he drew him hastily to the window, in time to come into his mother's presence, and leaving the child alone, as a second Herbert was after her, he, with unconcerned and closely behind. On and on she sped, down to the river, beside which, on the bank, she paused, and looked wildly at the child. Poor little thing! her own comforting, not questioning," answered Herbert, in a perfectly accustomed way, leading and gathering the little wee thing up in his arms, saying, "There, there, my little darling baby; no one will hurt you. You are my child now, and I'll take care of you."

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"Avon! Avon! Avon! Come to me, child! Fly! and forgive! What else can I do? Friendless, alone, saving Hope, Hope, hopeless! Hush the wealth of other days; and better far than all else save him she hasn't true and only love.

HANNAH.

BY ANNA SHEILDS.

"You might do better, Hannah."

Mrs. Williams spoke fretfully, as if the news told by her lips had not only been a disappointment to her.

"Mother?" cried Hannah, clear voice it was! So strong and hearty, as if to match the tall figure of the girl, with her bright merry eyes, and handsome, sunshiny face of John Williams.

"Mother, I'm sure I've been better than I deserve. All these lived a better woman than I am."

"But John, she is only a shop girl."

"Well, mother, I'm only a shop girl myself. You was a poor girl when you married father. You was a comfortable home for all of us."

"Hannah, you are not one of those women—"

"Mother?" cried John, with a quiver of anger in his voice, "you shall not speak so before me of his voice, "you should know Hannah Coyle's worth better than."

Mrs. Williams' conscience gave her a sharp pang, for she did know Hannah better than to think she would deprive a crippled old mother of her only son. But she had loved him many a fond mother, had mused over his baby face, and dreamed of the time when he should be a prosperous man, and the shock of disappointment when he told her of his love affair.

"Surely," she mused, after John had left her, "he can do better than that. Surely John might aspire to something higher than a shop girl." He was well-educated, well connected, and occupied a respectable position. Surely he could do better than Hannah Coyle, a young girl, whom Mrs. Williams, like John, had invited him several times to meet, and whose acquaintance she knew. And Mr. Somers, besides one son, had a handsome, wealthy niece, who had been a frequent visitor at earlier that Laura Somers was a vain, extravagant, and selfish girl. Mrs. Williams thought it a pity that her son should not think that a respectful bow on one hand, and a condescending smile on the other, was all the greeting that had ever passed between the Somers and Hannah. Mrs. Williams thought she only loved to sit in her chair, that was her privilege. Hannah was the support of a large family of the wealthy merchant. And now John Williams announced his affianced wife to be Hannah Coyle, a young shop girl, who

THE FALLEN PINE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

A voice from the fallen pine—
"A cry like a soul in pain,"
Said the poet, as by its grave he stood,
And the pride of a kingdom gone,
And oh, for my branches tall!
For the vigor of youth and strength,
To rise in thine and vein through all!"

My ringlets and glorious beauty
No more in my blasted bosom play,
And my spirit no more with wildness fires
Shall shine with the gold of Day!
My harp, in my broken dreams
Shall the ardent eagles scream,
And the fierce and the famished beast shriek
For all in a spectral dream.

I sigh to the winds for ages,
I sigh to the weather-stars,
To sweep the bonds of my slow decay,
And clasp my own to me
But the earth stays still as
The sky, and the sun and moon;
I lie with the wrinkle of a crumbling gone,
And the shadows of dreams, alone!

Yonder the ponderous pines,
Hoary and storm-worn, stands
Where, crowning like a coronet of old Ceriath,
By the Carnthers' mighty hands,
Rose the Dunedin towers,
Whose blossoming greenness seemed
High over the wild cliffs, thunder scared,
Where the startling plumed legions

Aloft on a heathery crest
That disappeared in either afar,
I cradled the winds on my savage breast
And flung them back in storm;
My head to the heavy cold sky
Where the bow of the mist is born,
My feet among streamlets of the shuddering
verge
Like a tamer against the morn.

When the heavens were black with a frown,
And the lightning leaped from cloud to cloud,
I gripped and dragged the skies of hell down
From six spire in the cloud!
Or I snatched my robes proud
On the odorous dawn afar,
And the sun-gold in my hands made that fanned
The flame of the Morning Star.

Woe for the fallen glory!
For the bleached head laid low!
For the ruptured sinews that are but a story
Told of the Long Ago,
When Cloud and Crag and Cataract,
Chanted in glorious Voice
Chanted in glorious Voice!
With a wild triumphal noise!

THE RIVAL SISTERS.

By ELIZA L. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF THE "EVIL GENIUS," THE "WHITE SCARF," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HESTER'S FORTUNE.

When Hester Sparrow received the letter, she took eagerly tore open the letter, at which she had formerly refused to look, and read it through. Her cousin to allay Mrs. Oliver's rising suspicions had written a letter to Hester herself.

She first read what had been written to her aunt, mother, and Hester was glad to find that Mrs. Oliver's suspicions were not aroused by the tale of giving a detailed account of all that had occurred at Elm Cottage since the day of departure.

She was much to fill the reader with indignation and alarm, for Mrs. Muller seemed to have become infatuated with the man who was disposed to exact all she thought extortionate. There was nothing to be done, however, but to submit to his power.

Hester paced the floor in a tumult of agitation and anger at this unexpected turn of events. Reading with her eyes fixed upon the table till her eye accidentally fell on it the letter which lay there. It was from Mr. Muller, and ran as follows:

"I suppose I must read the shrieking love letter, and I suppose I must do as it asks. Perhaps when he has exhausted that, he will tell me what I had best do with regard to the thin new vampyre. At this rate, my fortune will be made for me by the gentleman rather than for my own.

"Miss Hester is a genuine love-letter, and if the reader had felt one spark of sympathy for him, she would have been touched with the passionate entreaties he urged upon her to grant him the inspiration. As it was, she only felt the bitterest scorn and contempt for the man who could give so much, in return for so little. I am a business man, and accustomed to such. Mrs. Muller, and advised her to send the five hundred dollars demanded, and to pay interest on her an annuity, to be paid in semi-annual payments. Only thus could she hope to keep apart from future extortion on the part of that unscrupulous adventurer.

Hester had designed the greater part of the large sum she had arranged with Spencer to remain in Mr. Muller's possession, in order to Macon to allow her to walk upon her path without interference from him, but she was disposed to prove false to them all. She knew him to be a man of honor, and felt quite sure in her mind that when he learned the secret marriage of Spencer and herself, he would be incapable of sacrificing his own honor to his friend's safety, he would prove the promise was his duty for her, by which he had bound her as a rival, but by removing for ever from her path the happiness which Spencer expected and intended to appropriate.

Thus thought Hester Oliver as she cheat herself into this belief, she knew that a desperate struggle between herself and Spencer was about to be made, and which would come off conqueror in the end, she did not doubt.

Her self-confidence was unbounded.

"If it comes to the worst, let him beware, I will neither give up my love for him, nor any of the wealth he was so willing to help me to obtain. If he resists me, I will tell him that he will be sacrificed as much as mine: but if he yields to me, I will deal by him as I have already as he will merit."

Thus Hester Oliver steeled herself sufficiently to sit down and write a letter to Spencer and to her mother, informing her that the sum of thirty thousand dollars would be required of them to New York as soon as possible, for her use. Upon that it would be necessary for her to go to secure the annuity of Mrs. Muller, and the remainder was to be deposited in the bank of Macon and herself. She gave no reason as to why she desired that the bulk of the money should be under actual position as long as it was possible to remain there, but left the matter to her mother and Spencer to guess, or to learn that she must become the wife of Macon, and that she must receive the money from Europe to claim her, or go down to the depths of infamy and poverty. She knew they would soften the blow to them, she left for Europe immediately after her return, and no doubt that both must see the force of her reasoning and yield to her wishes.

When this was done, Hester forced herself to reply to Macon's letter, and to assume a tone of sympathy and delicacy which was utterly treachery she was meditating against him. The letter was brief, but it was very sweet and tender; and when it reached him, Macon had the power to read between the lines the heartiest sentences with the latter one yet to be written, which, by some mistake, was sent to the main, reached him on the same day.

Mr. Landry's affairs were found to be in perfect order. The lawyer, who also acted as agent for the two large sugar plantations belonging to the estate, insisted on having an interview with Hester, and he explained to her that as she was of age, she could claim her own share of the inheritance, and allow a trustee or guardian to be appointed for her young sister to manage him to the best advantage.

Hester begged Mr. Casey to make all the necessary arrangements for the accomplishment of both objects, and asked that Hayward Lorne should be thought sufficient Mrs. Blake, you may be sure will be found so. She has only been reared with your ideas, and therefore this money, which to you seems so little, to her will be a fortune, and you would like her to have the money put to the most handsome a downer, I can tell you."

"All that may be true," said Hester, "but if it is inconvenient on me to do something myself. I can always find kind friends and willing people to me, and I must return it in some substantial way. There is no one to control me, and I insist on giving Mrs. Blake and her daughter the handsome present I have named. Europe, the girl is very handsome, and she will be a great acquisition to society. I have taken out other money belonging to the estate deposited in the bank?"

"Yes, five hundred from last year's crop, amounting to over a hundred thousand dollars. The half of that is yours to do as you choose with."

"Since that is the case, have Miss Blake's settlement increased to thirty thousand dollars. I am sure you will not refuse me this little addition to my gift to her, and I am sure she will not refuse it."

"My dear Esther, you are so generous, so unselfish, and so I believe it to be, therefore I will say no more about it. I will instruct the lawyer to increase the amount of Miss Blake's fortune. When the papers are signed, I will bring him hither to talk with you himself. His arguments may have more weight than mine."

"I will listen to them," said Hester almost imperiously, "and my decision will be done. I believe it to be right, and that is sufficient for me. That poor girl has lost her daughter, and she must be suitably provided for. I think it is a pity that you have not in than one year's income of my own, as her whole fortune. Bring me only the papers which require my signature, and spare me any reasoning upon the subject. I am not to be moved by influences as the caprices of justice."

Hayward raised her hand to his lips, and said:

"An open hand and a generous heart are yours, Esther, and He who gave them to you will reward you for so nobly using the gifts he has bestowed on you. You shall have your own will, without any interference that I can prevent."

He smiled brightly, and rising from her seal said:

"I have an appointment with Casey, and I must no longer neglect. Marion will explain to you what is and how matters stand."

When Hester reached her own room, she eagerly tore open the letter, at which she had formerly refused to look, and read it through. Her cousin to allay Mrs. Oliver's rising suspicions had written a letter to Hester herself.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

WITH CARE.

BY ESBEL LYNN.

The sculptor's thought, to marble grown,
Perfect as sketchy thought might be,
Last swathed in wrappings tabbed over,
"With care" to cross the land and sea.

Warm with the fair Italian sun,
They had the dim white dream away;
Its every curve and line begun
That molded, growing, yesterday.

The white-sense needs of Southern blooms,
By no one picked with tender hands—
At least to man, the lord of all
Its passport gave to bloom in lands—

Were tended there in Tuscan straw,
Each coming faded from its vase,
So germs as well as marble were,
Beneath the painted mark, "With care."

Safe to the far-off Northern port,
Safe to the inland city sent down,
Track by the various railroads gone,
Its old unblemished laid it down.

Safely they passed the wondrous shaft
Where palace columns rising gleam,
And men became thinkers
Before Thorwaldsen's "frozen dream."

Meanwhile, last where the Northern air
Saluted first the Southern stone,
And Tuscan straw had left a trace,
There sprung to light a flower unknown;

In wondrous fair, as vagrant seed
Our could not choose, but germ and fly,
Yet from the sculptor's hand came
Where all was strange except the sky.

And now, from peasant's humble door
To palace gardens, crowned with art,
That sunny bloom broadcast is seen
That "with care" came to start.

And so, I think, when great events
March grandly on—no creatures small
May comfort take, remembering,
"With care" is written over all.

AN ASTONISHED JOCKEY.

A HUMOROUS SKETCH.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

We relate the following, not as a very tale, but story, but for the fun of the thing. If the reader could have known Jerry Wipper as we know him, he would appreciate the fun most keenly. And some of our readers did know him,—yes, they knew him now,—for he was a character in his way, and one of the characters of which we are about to tell.

Know that our far-away country village had grown to be a place of note. The Grand Trunk Railroad, opening up the country from Jersey Pond to Quoddy Head, ran directly through our place, but diverging lines of stage routes, connecting with the railroad, centred there. So, in fact, the village which had aforetimes been a very quiet country one, the most important local centre outside of the City of Beaver Hill, kept the Court-house and the Jail, but our place took the nearest travel, and in time became the seat of the Agricultural Fair grounds of the County. Whereupon of the Fair grounds gave us a Trotting Track, and the Trotting Track awoke a spirit of emulation and rivalry touching fast horses.

Jerry Wipper was our village John and stable-keeper; and if you could have witnessed the pride with which he took Mr. Stanley Wentworth, you would have seen "diamond cut diamond." In fact, old Wentworth has often declared that Jerry Wipper was the only man living who could squarely beat him in a horse-trade. Of course, Jerry very soon became the leading sport of the track; and he was in his element when a horse came to; and we are sorry to say that he did not scruple at all times to "help a horse along" by judging which of the animals in his supervision would win, and then half horse himself, though it was the opinion of many thinking men that in the matter of moral perception the average horse was his superior. In point of conscience, Jerry possessed not a bit; but he was sensitive, and could be a jolly good fellow for all that.

For several years Jerry Wipper managed to keep the run of the Fair Grounds, and for all the time he remained in the village—for those who were inside the ring knew that he had his work cut out for pretty hard mind; but as they were sure to be the bitter ones when compliance and denunciation had little weight. Jerry never came boldly in at the outset, to enter his horse and pocket his fee; but he hung upon the outskirts until others had entered ahead, then he had duly examined and considered the possibilities of the opposition, and, as a matter of fact, he never once distanced. So in each case that Jerry once entered a horse, he was a fair, square race, with Jerry Wipper in the saddle, and no favors the impossibilities.

On one occasion, at an advertised race connected with the Fair, Dave Powell entered a fine mare which he had himself raised, and which was fast for that region. When the horses were called for the start, there was but one appeared with one of his speedy grays. Objection was made, and the judges ruled that without a second horse, whatever Jerry made an entrance in the horse was not his. John Johnson had brought him, and Johnson had ridden him—Jerry—to drive. Upon referring to the society's book it was found that John Johnson had duly entered "Jerry Wipper" for the race, and had paid the fee. The honest ones shook their heads, but there was no help for it. Jerry had taken numerous bets upon the horse, and he was bound to see him in for his old "pling" was a trotter, and he was a regular sporty's purse, and cleaned up all his bets.

Dave Powell shook his head, and said he would be even with Jerry if he lived. Dave was our expressman, and he was a favorite every inch of him.

Time passed on, and another October was approaching, with another Fair, and other races, and Jerry Wipper had not grown any the wiser. Dave Powell had been quiet all the while, and had not said a word about getting even with Jerry. When asked where the horse was, he replied that *Cudsoge* was out to pasture,—and the twinkle of his eye told his friends that all that there was unfolded in the wind. Dave saw it, and need not be told.

One day, as Dave was coming up on the train, and as the cars stopped at Dunbury Junction, he observed Jerry Wipper upon the platform, and with him was a man of the old sort of Androscoggin county Holstein. This Holsten owned a very fast horse—at that time deemed the fastest trotter in that section of the State—and Dave fancied he could detect the genital appendage of a very big mice. On the next morning, as Dave came down in his express cart, he put out at Barclay's station and hailed his friend and client, Bill Jones, who was waiting for a load of goods. Bill would, what Solomon Jerry Wipper and Old Holsten had together.

Fortune favored Dave. Soon he came back Bill had solved the mystery. Jerry had bought Holsten's horse, *Ringbird Snorter*—had paid down fifty dollars to bind the bargain—had given him time for one month for the purchase, with the understanding that if the mare was not taken at the expiration of that time the horse might be returned.

Dave saw the game. He remembered when the trotter Jerry had taken home for one month to be returned at once as *Cudsoge*. Dave shut his mouth, and took counsel with himself; and when he next visited Portland he took counsel with George Hall, a friend of his fastened, and his eye grew bright. He had full Wipper's late dealings, and was open to business. Said he,—

"Dave, I think we've got just the thing. Last July Dan George sent down to me, from Boston, a trotter that he wanted to get rid of. Best. The doctors had told him that a sea-son's run in a country pasture would effect a cure. The horse is now on my cousin's farm, in Harriman. He is twenty-two years old, and as sleepy a looking beast as you ever saw; but put him on the track, and let him feel the bit, and hear the tramp of a competing horse at his side, and he'll wake up like a streak of lightning. I had the old fellow here to-morrow, and if I find the old fellow here all right I'll bet you a hundred dollars only—you shall sell him back to no after the race."

Within a week from that time Dave Powell appeared upon the village highway with an old gray horse hitched to his light express wagon; and for the joke of the thing he entered the old gray for the sweepstakes at the coming race—entered him as "Jerry Davis,"—and as the beast showed a very fair rate of speed on Dave's private track, it was bet that Dave might be in earnest, after all.

The day of the race arrived, and the course were laid on both sides. Jerry Wipper appeared on the Fair Ground with a new sorrel, against the famous *Ringbird Snorter* of old Holsten; but Jerry proved a bona-fide purchaser, and there could be no objection in the entry. Two other horses, when the presence of the sorrel was known, declined to start; were withdrawn by their owners. So that, when the time for the start came, only *Cudsoge* and *Sleepy David* put in an appearance.

Dave Powell was a fine-looking man himself, but on the present occasion he felt justified in urging others to help. He whispered to his friends, whom he could trust, and bade them take every bet that was offered, and to per or his backers; and he pledged himself, in case he lost, to pay the stakes. George Babcock had come up from Portland, and though he offered no bets on his own account, he encouraged Dave's friends in the row.

Meantime Jerry Wipper had been busy in taking bets. He was fairly confident, and when he saw how easily the fate (?) were induced to stake their money he grew jubilant. He had seen the old gray play gas around the track, and thought he was sure to win. He was—since upon the issue of the race depended the question of his future—a too-fury, with seconds to spare.

By the time the call for the start was made from the judge's stand it had been whispered around pretty extensively that Wipper was to be the favorite, and the betting was quite lively. Interest was intense. Touching *Sleepy David* little was known, save that he was in readiness in his driver's eye. Dave had picked up in his travels, and that he could pull and haul.

In the toss for positions Jerry won, and he took the inside. Dave was content, and he said the word "Go!"

And away they went. The *Snorter*—for by this time everybody knew the horse—took the lead at once, and kept at a fair, swinging trot, while *Cudsoge* and *Sleepy David* kept close on his quarters. *Sleepy David* held his position close upon Wipper's sorrel, and *Cudsoge* fell to slightly demanding toward the back stretch, and as the two horses came around the turn to turn upon the up grade a change came over the scene. The old gray mare seemed to—self—to lay down to his work in a manner that was surprising to literally all but Dave, and he called flying which seem at the same time to be in keeping with his very grave, and he was a long way.

"Ringbird" shouted Dave, with a yell that might have startled a locomotive.

The *Snorter* heard the thunder of the coming hail, and—was he to be run down?—he shouting past him, he lost his feet, and went to his knees. He was on a level with the road, he heard and sensed, and then he spurned the white—but it was too late. The old gray was horse came in ahead,—time, two minutes and a half.

The surprising was literally dumbfounded. His horse had behaved badly. The first two-thirds of the race he had done well enough, but had not kept his horse properly in hand. He had allowed the old gray to get the best of him.

And ere long the next heat was called, with the same horses. Jerry was now determined they were sent off. Mercy! what a fall for Jerry Wipper! He was a fine horseman when in his work, and nothing struck his flying mind that he was not. Dave struck his flying start, and with strides as steady as the wind the old gray went. This was a fine race for in the lurch—was the renowned *Ringbird Snorter*. Fast horse? Yes, he was fast enough; but he soon saw that the fates were against him. He was not to win the race. While the *Snorter* was put upon his mettle, *Cudsoge* and *Sleepy David* were taken, and, breathed, dressed, and ready for the start.

The score, and his time was recorded.

Jerry Wipper was now on hand at the figures last made upon the board,—2'28"—at least ten seconds faster than the old gray had ever been known to trot.

Jerry Wipper was very cheeky, and went around to look at the gray horse.

"Where did you get him?" he said, when you got that beast?"

"I bought him," said Dave.

"How do you feel?"

"Just about the same as you bought Old Holsten's *Ringbird Snorter*."

At that moment a friend whispered into Jerry's ear that Dave Powell had "got even" with him.

Jerry looked, and saw the twinkle in Dave's eye.

"Dave," said he, "you've sold me."

"Well, Jerry, I've only paid you back what I honestly owed you."

Jerry was forced to make a show of trotting the third heat; but it was dreary work. He put on the whip, and drove, but never a horse won—running almost the whole mile and—time, 2'27.

It was a pity—race—a race long to be remembered. Those who had bet on Wipper's horse were glad to get off as they did, and were correct. Wipper himself was in a terrible humor, and paid over his purses to his intended friend, and had the sorrel known that of all the bad lost, none had lost so heavily as had the astonished Jockey (Dave).

PRIDE OF OPINION.—An Italian nobleman is said to have fought sixteen duels upon the question, "Which was the better poet, Ariosto or Tasso?" and being mortally wounded in his sixteenth duel, with his dying words, confessed that he never had read either. How many men have fought and died for the sake of having in reality no more reasonable grounds than the poor Italian's notions upon Ariosto and Tasso!

COOLING FOR BLIFKINS.

Young Blifkins, son of old Blifkins the banker—he of the Daily Yarden pants and vest—recently came to grief on a shower, and took refuge under the portico of a dwelling on Seaton street. A very attractive young lady—a pretty maiden—who sat by the open window, and in the meantime, sent out a servant to him with an umbrella. Blifkins went away in ecstasy; and on the following day, having attired himself in most elaborate and fashionable style, he called at the house of the umbrella, which was an old one, and had it away with his treasures of conquest as a present. He went forth and called, and closed an affair to replace it of the most beautiful and costly kind. That evening he called upon the lady to return her fairest favors. She admitted him to her presence, and received the umbrella without apparently recognizing it as her own. She was certain she had intrusted with receiving gravity to his hands, and was not a little surprised at the trick he had played upon her. She saw that he had come under the enchanting impression that she had been smitten by his appearance.

"Weally," said Blifkins, in sweet, pastoral tones, "you've lent me this umbwella. As it touched me deeply—it did, 'pon honaw."

"Indeed, sir," replied the lady, with charming naïveté, "there was no need of this gratitude on your part. It was closed when your portico you obstructed my view of a gentleman at an opposite window who had been observing me, and I used the umbrella as the readiest means to get rid of your unwelcome attentions."

Blifkins went home, and broke up the old gray mare's stall, consigned the hated fragments to the ash barrel.

SCIENCE.

The most extraordinary stories have appeared in the papers of late about the wonderful discoveries of Professor Agassiz, the head of the scientific bureau, which, it will be remembered, failed to find the mermaid in search of which it was sent. Mr. Sweet says they doubted up from Nahant to Swampscott, and that the Professor was in the habit of diving with the help of an oyster-pail, "but wonderful to relate, it had in the places of the oysters, specimens of what are known to naturalists, by means of which it made its way rapidly through the water." Mr. Sweet says that one of the creatures "had clasped on its fore legs, a night to behead!" We should think so. Fortunately, the head of this remarkable specimen has been preserved for scientific description. Another member of the party, Mr. Sweet says, "had a pair of pincers, and opened Wisconsin with them." Mr. Sweet is good at that of a telegraph operator, and we are not sure that he is not right. Perhaps the pincers were only to better fit you than either of the preceding specimens.

Professor Agassiz has written a letter from South America, when he is now engaged in the same pursuit, to the editor of the *Boston Journal*. The editor of the *Journal* is Professor Sweet, superintendent of the coast survey, in which the Professor finds employment as a cousin, as a conclusion from them, says, "I am prepared to say that the Amazon is the only river in the world in which the ancient continents have been preserved in a condition of entire exemption from the drift and glacial action." We are glad to hear it, and we only regret that the Professor's discoveries are not more liable to be attacked by icebergs, in the interest of science.

Signor Palmieri, the Italian professor who has been studying the earthquakes at the foot of Vesuvius, has made a discovery which, if not entirely conclusive, asserts that volcanic fulminations are always preceded by a storm. We commend to the statements of ancient historians in regard to Vesuvius.

The blue coloration of tubes was the subject of a paper read by Professor Tyndall before the Royal Institution. He says that the experiments of another attempts to certain coal tubes beneath the surface of the earth, and consequently the production of the blue color observed on many tubes. This theory has been carried out by the coast of Scotland, but recently been so overthrown by the discovery that the color of the tubes is due to the presence of a minute animal, and the coloration of the matter has been ordered by the Royal Institution.

During the height of the terrific storm at Hot Springs, Arkansas, a number of the bath-houses were wrecked, as well as many smaller buildings, and the loss of life is very considerable.

Ozone investigations have been very numerous during the past year. Professor Schoenbein has discovered that its bleaching properties are due to peroxide of hydrogen.

It has been asserted in the Paris Academy of Sciences, though as now apparent, probably on insufficient data, that gelatine is an antidote for the poison of the cobra de capello.

As Professor Tyndall showed, in a recent lecture, it is a mistake to suppose that dark colors are always the best absorbents, and that light colors the worst.

A species of insect first discovered in the island of Malta about the year 1836 was never subsequently observed there until last year, when it was again found.

Professor Wagner has received the Albert gold medal of the English Society of Arts, for his cement services in developing the manufacture of steel.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. L., office County, Tenn., says: "Will you in your answers to correspondents, please say when and where the 'coal stone' originated? We have had coal in this section of country for many years, and have never heard it called by that name. We have also been hunting that time a citizen of our county has been selling 'coal stone' for coal, and has made a good thing by it. Inquire, and if it is a fact, you will be doing a good deal of trouble and entire expense. The coal stone is found in the form of a rock, and is not consolidated; but by exposure to the weather, and the wound of a person bitten by a rabid dog. They are clean and round, and are found in the form of a rock, and have a smooth surface, and are not consolidated; but by exposure to the weather, and the wound of a person bitten by a rabid dog. They are called coal stones. I know it is a huge humbug, and that it is a fact that the people are being taken in by it. Please answer, and oblige a subscriber who has had his coal purchased. I have been unable to find any account of the origin of the coal stone, and therefore, as Walter Scott, in his novels, is always referred as a reason for one of the baffled commanders during the Revolutionary war, to the coal stone, we have inquired and superstitions of that age attributed miraculous virtues in curing mortals in cattle. Any information you can give us about the origin of the coal stone and its supposed virtues will be highly appreciated. We have heard of the coal stone in connection with the coal mines, mainly on declarations of correspondents, who are not personally known to us can be considered as reliable. We have also